

Mr. BOWERS. Yes; I believe that I have related everything which I have told the city police, and also told to the FBI.

Mr. BALL. And everything you told me before we started taking the deposition?

Mr. BOWERS. To my knowledge I can remember nothing else.

Mr. BALL. Now, this will be reduced to writing, and you can sign it, look it over and sign it, or waive your signature if you wish.

What do you wish?

Mr. BOWERS. I have no reason to sign it unless you want me to.

Mr. BALL. Would you just as leave waive the signature?

Mr. BOWERS. Fine.

Mr. BALL. Then we thank you very much.

TESTIMONY OF B. J. MARTIN

The testimony of B. J. Martin was taken at 10:10 a.m., on April 3, 1964, in the office of the U.S. attorney, 301 Post Office Building, Bryan and Ervay Streets, Dallas, Tex., by Mr. Joseph A. Ball, assistant counsel of the President's Commission.

Mr. BALL. Will you stand up, please, and be sworn?

Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give before this Commission shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. MARTIN. I do.

Mr. BALL. Will you state your name, please?

Mr. MARTIN. B. J. Martin.

Mr. BALL. And what is your residence address?

Mr. MARTIN. 11830 Flamingo Lane, Dallas.

Mr. BALL. What is your occupation?

Mr. MARTIN. I am a police officer.

Mr. BALL. With the Dallas Police Department?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes.

Mr. BALL. How long have you been with the Police Department?

Mr. MARTIN. It will be 11 years in June.

Mr. BALL. Tell me something about yourself, when you were born and where you were raised and where you went to school?

Mr. MARTIN. I was born in Maud, Okla., Seminole County—went to school—high school at Maud, Okla., and entered the Navy in 1948, from there and was discharged in 1952 and lived at Compton, Okla., for approximately a year, and then returned to Dallas and was employed in the Police Department in June 1953.

Mr. BALL. And were you employed as a motorcycle officer at that time?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir; I was employed as an apprentice policeman and worked in the radio patrol division.

Mr. BALL. You are not a motorcycleman?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes.

Mr. BALL. How long have you been a motorcycle officer?

Mr. MARTIN. Let's see, 8 years in January.

Mr. BALL. On November 22, 1963, did you have some special assignment?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; I was assigned to the motorcade of President Kennedy.

Mr. BALL. And you went out to Love Field, did you?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; we made detail about 7 o'clock that morning and was assigned, I don't recall now just what time—it was about 30 minutes before his plane was to arrive at Love Field.

Mr. BALL. And in the motorcade what was your position?

Mr. MARTIN. I was assigned to ride on the left-hand rear side of President Kennedy.

Mr. BALL. And were you riding alone there, or was another officer riding with you?

Mr. MARTIN. There was another officer riding with me, B. W. Hargis.

Mr. BALL. He was parallel to you on another motorcycle?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; we were——

Mr. BALL. Two motorcycles abreast?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes.

Mr. BALL. As you turned onto Houston from Main, can you tell me about the speed of the President's car?

Mr. MARTIN. My estimation would be 4 to 5 miles an hour when we made the turn onto Elm Street from Houston.

Mr. BALL. From Houston?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Now, did you make the turn from Main to Houston about the same speed?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir; we were going a little faster, I would say—between probably 10 and 15 miles an hour.

Mr. BALL. And then the block between Main and Elm, did the motorcade slow down?

Mr. MARTIN. It slowed down just before we made the turn onto Elm Street.

Mr. BALL. Let's take the President's car—what do you think the speed of the President's car was as you made that turn from Houston onto Elm?

Mr. MARTIN. I believe the speed was about 4 or 5 miles an hour.

Mr. BALL. What was your speed?

Mr. MARTIN. Approximately the same—maybe a mile slower.

Mr. BALL. Were you able to maintain your position on the two-wheeler motorcycle?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; I believe I did.

Mr. BALL. What is the minimum speed at which you can maintain the position of that motorcycle?

Mr. MARTIN. About 2 miles per hour, I would imagine.

Mr. BALL. Did the President's car pick up any speed from the corner of Houston and Elm—we'll say half way down that hill?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir; I don't recall it picking up any speed in there.

Mr. BALL. They were going fairly slow?

Mr. MARTIN. It may have picked up, gradually picked up, but not enough that I could notice.

Mr. BALL. Did you hear any unusual noise?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; I heard a shot, or what I thought at the time to be a shot.

Mr. BALL. What was the position of your motorcycle at that time with reference to the President's car?

Mr. MARTIN. Just to the rear of his car—on the left rear of his car.

Mr. BALL. How far from the car, I'll say, to the left of the car and then how far to the rear—so I can get some idea of your position?

Mr. MARTIN. I would say that my motor was 5-foot to the left and approximately 6- to 8-foot to the rear.

Mr. BALL. Of the President's car?

Mr. MARTIN. Of the President's car.

Mr. BALL. Were you anywhere near the front end of the Secret Service car?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. The car the Secret Service men were in?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes; we were alongside the front end of their car, because one of the agents got off of the car after the first shot. The best I can remember—I was fairly close to him—he was the person riding on the fender of the car and the first agent from the front of the car, and I was fairly close to him when he jumped off of the car.

Mr. BALL. Now, where was the motorcycle driven by Mr. Hargis, with reference to your right or to your left?

Mr. MARTIN. He was to my right when we made the turn on Houston Street.

Mr. BALL. At the time you heard this shot, where was he?

Mr. MARTIN. I presume he was still to my right. I don't recall seeing him after the shots.

Mr. BALL. He would have been closer to the President's car than you would have?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir—he would have been—I would say 3- or 4-foot closer than I was.

Mr. BALL. You traveled along the street about 3 or 4 feet apart from each other?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir—something like that.

Mr. BALL. When you heard the first shot, did you have any idea of the direction which the shot was coming from?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir; I didn't. I couldn't tell from which direction it was coming—any of the shots.

Mr. BALL. Did you look?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; I looked back to my right.

Mr. BALL. After which shot?

Mr. MARTIN. After the first shot.

Mr. BALL. You looked to your right?

Mr. MARTIN. I looked back to my right.

Mr. BALL. What did you look at?

Mr. MARTIN. At the building on the right there.

Mr. BALL. Is that the Texas School Book Depository Building?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes; it is.

Mr. BALL. Did you see anything?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. As you turned to the right, did you turn your motorcycle also, or did you turn your body?

Mr. MARTIN. I believe I just turned my body. I don't believe I ever turned my motor. I believe I kept my motor headed down Elm Street—west on Elm.

Mr. BALL. Did you take any notice of the President after the first shot?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; I looked at the President after I heard the shot and he was leaning forward—I could see the left side of his face. At the time he had no expression on his face.

Mr. BALL. Then, did you hear some more shots?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. How many?

Mr. MARTIN. Two more shots.

Mr. BALL. Did you see anything when you looked at the School Depository Building?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir—just the building.

Mr. BALL. And were you able to tell—to determine or did you have any opinion, as to the direction from which the shots were coming—the last two shots—from which direction they came?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir; you couldn't tell just where they were coming from.

Mr. BALL. Was there any breeze that day?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes; there was.

Mr. BALL. From what direction?

Mr. MARTIN. I believe it was blowing out of the southwest at that particular location. It seemed like we were going to turn into the wind as we turned off of Houston onto Elm.

Mr. BALL. The wind was in your face?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes; the best I can recall.

Mr. BALL. Now, afterward, did the motorcade pick up speed then?

Mr. MARTIN. After we turned onto Houston?

Mr. BALL. No; after the shots?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes—after the shots we picked up speed.

Mr. BALL. Did you go on to Parkland?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; I did. I rode just part of the time alongside of the President's car. At times we were forced to the rear because of the pedestrians standing out on Stemmons and there just wasn't enough room to ride in there.

Mr. BALL. Could you see the President?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir; I couldn't see him—immediately after the first shot I saw him and after that I couldn't see him.

Mr. BALL. And did you see the Governor at all?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir. I didn't pay any attention to the Governor.

Mr. BALL. Now, when you got to Parkland Hospital, what did you do?

Mr. MARTIN. We pulled into the emergency entrance to Parkland Hospital. The traffic had already begun to stack up and the officers ahead of the motorcade went on down into the exit and I stopped off at the first turn into the exit about 50 or 60 yards from the entrance to the emergency and began to cut traffic so they wouldn't block the roadway down into the emergency and then we had to park cars—just a lot of people got out of their cars and it was all blocked up and we had to park cars and just generally work traffic around there.

Mr. BALL. You had a white helmet on?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Did you notice any stains on your helmet?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; during the process of working traffic there, I noticed that there were blood stains on the windshield on my motor and then I pulled off my helmet and I noticed there were blood stains on the left side of my helmet.

Mr. BALL. To give a more accurate description of the left side, could you tell us about where it started with reference to the forehead?

Mr. MARTIN. It was just to the left—of what would be the center of my forehead—approximately halfway, about a quarter of the helmet had spots of blood on it.

Mr. BALL. And were there any other spots of any other material on the helmet there besides blood?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir; there was other matter that looked like pieces of flesh.

Mr. BALL. What about your uniform?

Mr. MARTIN. There was blood and matter on my left shoulder of my uniform.

Mr. BALL. You pointed to a place in front of your shoulder, about the clavicle region?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. Is that about where it was?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes.

Mr. BALL. On the front of your uniform and not on the side?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. That would be left, was it?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes; on the left side.

Mr. BALL. And just below the level of the shoulder?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. And what spots were there?

Mr. MARTIN. They were blood spots and other matter.

Mr. BALL. And what did you notice on your windshield?

Mr. MARTIN. There was blood and other matter on my windshield and also on the motor.

Mr. BALL. Was the blood noticeable—were there large splotches?

Mr. MARTIN. No; they weren't large splotches, they were small—it was not very noticeable unless you looked at it.

Mr. BALL. Was the discoloration on your helmet noticeable?

Mr. MARTIN. Not too much—no—as a matter of fact, there were other people around there and two more officers there and they never noticed it.

Mr. BALL. At that time were you with Mr. Hargis?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir; I don't believe that he went to the hospital with us. I believe he stopped there at the scene of the shooting.

Mr. BALL. And did you ever see his helmet or his uniform or the windshield of his motorcycle?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir—I never recall seeing him again until the next day.

Mr. BALL. Now, was this blood on the outside or the inside of your windshield?

Mr. MARTIN. It was on the outside of my windshield.

Mr. BALL. Was it on the right or left side?

Mr. MARTIN. It was on the outside of my windshield.

Mr. BALL. And what about the fender of the motorcycle?

Mr. MARTIN. It was just in the front—right on the front just above the cowl-
ing on the motorcycle.

Mr. BALL. You say that when you first heard the first shot you thought it
was rifle fire?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir—the sharp crack of it.

Mr. BALL. Are you familiar with guns?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes.

Mr. BALL. Did you ever fire a rifle?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. Do you own a rifle?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes.

Mr. BALL. You have been hunting, I suppose?

Mr. MARTIN. I just returned.

Mr. BALL. You've shot high-powered rifles, have you?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. Now, what do you think the speed of the President's car was—
give me your best estimate of the speed of the President's car when you heard
the first shot?

Mr. MARTIN. I would say it was under 10 miles an hour—between 5 and 10
at that particular time, about the time of the shots.

Mr. BALL. You were going downhill at that time?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir. The best I remember—I wasn't having any trouble
keeping my motor up at that time, so that it was probably between 5 and 10
miles an hour. I don't think it was any faster than 10.

Mr. BALL. Did you at any time come abreast of the President's car in the
motorcade?

Mr. MARTIN. No, sir.

Mr. BALL. Were you under certain instructions as to how far behind the car
you were to keep?

Mr. MARTIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL. What were those instructions?

Mr. MARTIN. They instructed us that they didn't want anyone riding past the
President's car and that we were to ride to the rear, to the rear of his car,
about the rear bumper.

Mr. BALL. I think that's all, Officer.

This will be written up and you can look it over and sign it if you wish,
or you can waive your signature and we will send it on to the Commission
without it.

It's your option.

What would you like to do?

Mr. MARTIN. It doesn't make any difference—it's the truth as I saw it that
day.

Mr. BALL. You just as soon waive your signature, then?

Mr. MARTIN. That would be fine.

Mr. BALL. All right, we'll waive your signature.

Mr. MARTIN. All right.

Mr. BALL. Thanks very much for coming in.

Mr. MARTIN. Okay.

TESTIMONY OF BOBBY W. HARGIS

The testimony of Bobby W. Hargis was taken at 3:20 p.m., on April 8, 1964,
in the office of the U.S. attorney, 301 Post Office Building, Bryan and Ervay
Streets, Dallas, Tex., by Mr. Samuel A. Stern, assistant counsel of the Presi-
dent's Commission.

Mr. STERN. Will you stand, please.

Do you solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give shall be the
truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. HARGIS. I do.